



Demon Diaries



teenager

satan

demon

152 6 19

Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

Yeah, she was a hellspawn who devoted her time and efforts to destroying the moral fabric of man.

But she was also a teenage girl with needs.

Chapter 2 by R



Those needs were mostly ice cream, bad romance novels, and video games, which suited her just fine.

And, as it turns out, video games were the perfect mix of having fun and destroying the morality of humanity.

So there was totally a normal, job related reason to why she spent most of the time curled up on the couch shouting "Die motherfucker! Die!" at the television screen.

If only her roommate could believe that...

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka

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To appease her roommate, I'll have started school. These silly humans had called a 'let's play' channel. All that she had to do was to scream some

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questionable insults, and money would just come pouring in. Fans from all over the globe left comments praising her ingenuity and comedy.

Well, it was ONE way to raise hell's newest army. Now to activate them...

Chapter 4 by Phantim



John was staring at her again. Did she have to sit around on the couch all day... naked. It's not that he minded the view, but he liked to imagine naked women a little bit more... romantically. Not sprawled across his couch and hogging his TV with her little "Let's Play" channel. In fact he had bought the couch too, gonna need to sanitize it at some point... At least she paid the rent unlike his last room mate, Brandy. There was a lot weird about this girl who was his new room mate. Firstly, he never met anyone this open about nudity. Secondly, her diet was all kinds of crazy, he even saw her eating raw steak one day. RAW STEAK. Thirdly, she never seemed to sleep, she was up during the day playing games, and out at night doing... well he hadn't really asked. He was curious, but figured it was something he'd rather not know about. John shakes his head, clearing his thoughts, takes another peak at his room mate's goods and then heads into the kitchen with a few bags of groceries.

From the other room Lillith smiled coyly. Ah John, what a mystery... about as big of a mystery as how to activate her worthless army of internet followers.

Time to whip out the Necronomicon again...

Chapter 5 by Old Toady



It was just before her morning live stream that she got a message from Quiver, her streaming site. She skimmed it quickly, assuming there was some sort of system update she hadn't heard about, but did a double take at the concluding line. "Your account has been terminated."

Her thunderous rage shook the earth for miles.

When the quake had calmed, John came running, an expression of panic covering his face. Any

other time, she might have been startled. "What's wrong?"

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Slowly, his hackles fell. "Oh."

"Is that all you have to say? This is an outrage, Johnathan Michael Miller. I will not stand for this!"

"I mean, it's not really that big of a shock. They state pretty clearly that nudity isn't allowed. I'm honestly more surprised that you made it this long without being reported."

The ground began to tremble once again. "I am Lilith, firstborn of Lucifer and heir to hell. I am older and more powerful than even the archangels of old. I will not be commanded by mere mortals. I will send their souls to dance endlessly across the nine circles, never to rest in their damnation. My wrath will be as vast as—"

"You've fought an archangel?"

She blinked. "What?"

"'More powerful than archangels,' you said."

"It's hyperbole."

"Seems like a big claim to just be hyperbole."

"I don't need your permission to use a figure of speech, Jonathan Mi—"

"I keep telling you, just John. Please. You sound like my mom when you say my full name and that's just uncomfortable. Especially when you're naked."

She thought about it for a moment. "I liked your mom when she visited. She's a very sensual woman."

"Okay, see, don't say that. Ever again. I'm literally begging you."

Lilith lifted her chin dismissively. "Men have prostrated themselves before me for millennia. This is not begging." With a burst of fire, she incinerated the pagans. "I require sacrifices, both to assure your devotion and to purify your souls. Only through death can the sins of Quiver be forgiven."

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"There's a cook-out at Brad and Julia's place tomorrow night. We could go to that."

Her tail twitched again. "Brad is awful."

"Yeah, but he just got some chickens as part of the urban farming thing they're trying out. If the burgers aren't enough, I'm sure you could rip into a few without him thinking it was anything more than foxes."

She considered it for a moment. At the very least, it would cause Brad pain to see the skins of his beloved pets hung about the coop. "Fine."

"And after that, you need to look for a real job. This whole naked streaming thing was chill at first" his face flushed, but he didn't waver, "but I'm tired of not being able to have my friends over. Rent's due in two weeks."

"But—"

He turned out of the room with a shake of his head. "Two weeks!"

Two weeks to find a job that would build her an army just as strong as the one she'd cultivated over the last few months. Her social media outlets would hold their attention for a while, but without content, her followers would soon lose interest. A new job and a new platform, then. And a few cases of beer to bring to Brad and Julias! She could do this.

She took a step to leave and immediately impaled her foot on a piece of ceramic.

And a broom. She needed a broom.

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

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